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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

The Inquirer.

August 12th contains the following Articles:—

Sermon by Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A., B.D.

“Religious Freedom in Prussia.” By Dr. K. SCHRADER.

“American Summer Schools.” By F. J. GOULD.

August 5th.

“The Congress of Races.”

“The Feeble Minded.” Article IV. By Miss MARY DENDY.

“The Lesson of Greek Democracy.”

“The Case of Pastor Jatho.” By Dr. K. SCHRADER.

July 29th.

“Professor Sanday’s Christology.” By Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, August 20.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. J. W. GALE.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road. Closed for repairs.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weechee-road, Finchley-road. Closed, re-open September 3.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Mr. E. J. MOORE.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 8.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. F. R. NOTT, LL.B.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTHARD LISTER, M.A.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE.
Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. JUDD.
Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., No Morning Service; 6.30, Mr. A. D. BUCKWITH.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. G. J. ALLEN. Morning Service only.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. GEO. CARTER.
Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
Mansfield-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. BURGESS, B.A.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road. Closed during August.
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. LIONEL TAYLER. No Evening Service.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C. Closed. Services will be resumed on September 17.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wimbledon, 27b, Merton-road, 7, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D.
Wool Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel at The Knoll, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.
BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street. Closed for Cleaning.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAND JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RUDOLPH DAVIS, B.A.
BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. MCLACHLAN.
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D., F.R.C.S.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. W. STEPHENSON.
GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. HALL, M.A.
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
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LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES PEACH.
LIVERPOOL, Ullit-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. E. CAPLETON.
MORETONHAMPSTEAD, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM STEPHENS.
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Prof. G. DAWES HICKS.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TEAVERS.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30. Services resumed, September 3. Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
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BIRTH.

JONES.—On August 11, at Willaston, to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jones, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ODGERS—CONOR.—On August 9, at the Parish Church, St. Minver, N. Cornwall, Francis William, eldest son of W. Blake Odgers, Esq., K.C., Recorder of Plymouth, to Eileen, daughter of Captain Conor, of Doyden, Port Isaac.

POULTON—BATES.—On August 11, at Kettering-road Church, Northampton, by Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A., and Rev. H. Scott, Wesleyan Minister, Arthur Wesley, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Poulton, to Bertha Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Bates, all of Northampton.

DEATHS.

BROTHERS.—On August 17, at Pyne House, Clapham Common, Sarah Webb, widow of the late George Brothers, of Canterbury, in her 82nd year.

JONES.—On the 16th inst., at 37, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, Laura Fearon, eldest surviving daughter of the late Rev. R. Crompton Jones and Mrs. Crompton Jones, aged 45 years. No flowers.

THOMAS.—On August 9, at Holmlea, Addiscombe-road, Croydon, Henry Felix Thomas, son of the late Rev. Thomas Felix Thomas, of Chatham, aged 80.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Labour troubles, which have arisen with such startling rapidity all over the country, have not been altogether unanticipated by many thoughtful people. Following upon an almost unprecedented display of luxury and magnificence at the Coronation, they have thrown our inequalities of wealth, our social miseries, the mass of poorly paid labour at the bottom of the social scale, into sharp relief. The spirit of discontent cannot be ignored, and the day has long gone by when it could be set down to a spirit of lawlessness and disobedience. Wise people will try to understand the disease and to find a secure remedy, and they will prepare themselves for whatever curtailment of their own wealth or change in their social habits and standards of judgment may be necessary in order to restore a just equilibrium to the body politic.

* * *

At the present juncture nothing can be more truly anti-social than the refusal to recognise the real factors in the problem.

Among these factors we must reckon many elements of temper and class feeling, and perhaps, above all, the growing consciousness of the group-soul, which the strong individualist is so slow to understand. Any attempt to treat organised labour as though it did not exist and to keep the great Trade Unions under the ban of non-recognition is, we think, anti-social in this sense. It is no longer a question for the individual capitalist or company to say whether he likes them or not and to act accordingly. They impinge upon the industrial problem at every point, and must

be accepted as facts of far-reaching social and economic significance, just in the same way as the scientific man accepts all the data of a problem, simply because they are there, without regard to questions of personal preference or dislike.

* * *

THERE has been widespread sympathy with the women workers in South London who are making a determined and successful effort for higher wages. It is said that many of the women have been working for 6s. or 7s. a week. The National Federation of Women Workers, under the able guidance of Miss MacArthur, has taken the matter up with a view to encouraging the women in corporate action and formulating a "minimum list." Already the concessions that have been made by many firms are so substantial—for instance, the jam factory of Messrs. Pink has given 2s. a week advance all round—as to justify the action of the strikers in the public mind. But there is a strong feeling that the advance should have been granted without the necessity of resorting to these extreme measures, and that a board of arbitration is as necessary in our industrial system as in international relations for the maintenance of justice, peace, and goodwill.

* * *

THE industrial conflict in Liverpool has been complicated, and the issues have become terribly confused by an outbreak of hooliganism in a district which has long been noted for its restlessness and its religious animosities. There are elements of this kind in all our large towns, the physical and moral wastage of labour, almost incapable of industry, unbridled in their passions, and easily roused to violence. Those who have lived among these people and know them intimately, both in their destructive turbulence and their moods of

good humour, will not be inclined to answer their violent deeds with violent words or to be content simply with stern methods of repression. For the moment the latter may be necessary. But we cannot in this way pay our debt of responsibility for the existence of this mass of social wreckage, or satisfy the passionate instincts of pity and the sense of moral outrage that we should ever have allowed humanity to sink so low.

* * *

WHEN we remember the district in the north of Liverpool, which has figured so largely in the newspapers during the past week, what it was, even 20 years ago, when the loafers and hooligans of to-day were lads—its squalid courts, its foetid cellars, its hideous lack of sanitation, when we remember, too, how the passions of these people have been played upon in order to fan the flame of religious and political animosities, we are not surprised at what has happened. But we do not write in any spirit of pessimism. No city has grappled more earnestly with the housing problem than Liverpool. Many of its darkest spots have disappeared. With cleaner and more wholesome conditions of life this dangerous and parasitic element in the population will have no chance to survive.

* * *

GENERAL BOTHA left England last Saturday on his return to South Africa. In an interview with Reuter's representative he made a strong plea for a policy of non-interference and a repression of hasty judgments, often based upon imperfect newspaper reports. "People in London," he said, "should realise that South Africa has once for all settled down to peaceful development. It is necessary to remember that we have great problems to face, and that we need the best brains and most serious thoughts of South Africa, but these

problems must be solved in South Africa by South Africans. I have no misgivings as to the future solution of these problems, but please leave us alone to settle these matters, which we fully realise cannot be solved by one section of the community alone. . . . We must lose sight of racial terms, such as British and Dutch, and have nothing but South Africans, in the same way as we hear of Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders."

* * *

GENERAL BOTHA mentioned that he had been giving a great deal of attention to the question of immigration and to the systems in vogue in other Dominions. "My policy from the beginning," he said, "has been that we in South Africa are in favour of immigration. But before we bring people from outside we must make sure that the people, half English half Dutch, who are now practically starving in South Africa, shall be in a position to earn a living. On railway work alone we have 4,700 people earning 3s. 6d. a day, a sum on which they cannot live. We want to improve on that and to get them back to the land before we talk about immigration from outside. If people come to South Africa we want selected agriculturists, very carefully chosen people. No doubt a larger number of immigrants will come out, but it is a question of time and of the suitability of the immigrant. If this matter is hurried, and care be not exercised, there will be hopeless failure, and the bulk of the immigrants will be unable to live. English people can best help by sending out the families of men who are already working in South Africa."

* * *

ACCORDING to Reuter the census returns for the Union of South Africa give the total population as 5,938,499, as compared with 5,185,824 in 1904. Of these there are 1,278,025 Europeans, compared with 1,116,806, and 4,061,082 natives, compared with 3,495,104. The other coloured inhabitants number 619,392, as compared with 563,914. There has been a shrinkage in the population of the coast towns with the exception of Durban, and a large growth in the population of Johannesburg, the Reef and Pretoria.

* * *

OXFORD honoured itself when it conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. upon Canon Barnett last week. The occasion chosen was a singularly happy one. Instead of the fashionable crowd at the Encaenia the students of the Extension meeting, including many representatives of working-class educational associations, were present to acclaim the new Doctor. The Regius Professor of Civil Law in presenting him for the degree described him as the original founder of University settlements. He had urged upon the Universities and upon the public that the

wealthy and educated classes would best create cordial relations with the masses of the poor and ignorant if the former were to live among the latter and treat them as neighbours and friends. It was largely through his influence that the elementary teachers had been brought into relation with the Universities and that the Education Department had been induced to establish day training colleges.

* * *

THE controversy over the Jatho case still continues with undiminished force in Germany, and large numbers of people are ranging themselves with all the emphasis in their power upon one side or the other. The *Spruchkollegium* seems to have acted with quite unnecessary harshness in carrying out its sentence. Not content with depriving Pastor Jatho of his office and its emoluments, it is apparently trying to forbid him the use of the honourable title of "Pfarrer." This was contemplated in the original draft of the law against heresy, under which the *Spruchkollegium* acts, but was afterwards omitted; and it seems like a vindictive stretching of their powers that the authorities should now address a letter "an den bisherigen Pfarrer." Evidently the *Spruchkollegium* claims not only to deprive but also to "unfrock."

* * *

AN important declaration against the decision in the Jatho case has been published by a number of Professors in the theological faculties of the German Universities. It points out that all the emphasis was laid upon doctrine and not upon Christian character or influence, and that this involves a danger for the Protestantism of Germany, that everywhere the tendency will be increased to lay stress not upon life in the spirit of Jesus Christ but upon an ill-defined orthodoxy. The signatories see in this a special menace to the freedom of teaching in the Universities and a severe discouragement to the spirit which they are trying to foster in their students. The declaration is signed by such well-known and honoured names in the world of theological scholarship as Baumgarten of Kiel, Bousset of Göttingen, Budde of Marburg, Gregory of Leipzig, Gunkel of Giessen, Hermann of Marburg, Jülicher of Marburg, Krüger of Giessen, Rade of Marburg, Sell of Bonn, von Soden of Berlin, Troeltsch of Heidelberg, Weinel of Jena, and Wobbermin of Breslau.

* * *

THE correspondence on "The Universities, the Public Schools, and the Working Class," which is running at present in the columns of the *Nation*, has succeeded better than many discussions on similar subjects in coming close to real facts. Mr. F. N. Cornford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, contributed a striking and pro-

vocative letter last Saturday, in which he deals incisively with the lack of sympathy between dissimilar groups in our national life, and the way in which it is encouraged by the monopoly which wealth has managed to secure for itself in the educational institutions and endowments of the country. "The corporate feeling of the upper class Englishman," he says, "extends to his public school, his college, his class—the governing class which has made wars, founded colonies, and ruled India. . . . There is no equal intercourse untainted by dependence, philanthropy, and patronage between the villa and the cottage."

* * *

"THE graduate of 22 or 23," he continues, "leaves his university almost irretrievably cut off from fellowship with the shopman or the artisan, who for ten years already has been earning his own living and assimilating the thoughts of his class. They pass one another in the street—they may be next-door neighbours; but neither can speak to the other except to give or take an order. Knowing little, save by untrustworthy report, of the life that has flowed outside the monastic walls, and disliking the little he knows, the graduate's dearest aim is to escape into another sanctuary, as like a college as possible and as far removed from the rougher contacts. The nation has provided suitable retreats in the purlieus of Whitehall. If Social Service is the highest working-class ideal, the ideal of our own class is the Civil Service—a curiously different thing."

* * *

THE fact that this estrangement exists, and that many people desire that it should continue to exist, has created a situation of extreme gravity for the growth of education and the expansion of intelligence. Corresponding to the social need of a more even and equitable distribution of wealth there is this other need of a wider diffusion of knowledge and intellectual training on equal terms. Closer comradeship between the rich and the poor in the schools and the universities would be a great boon, not only to the poor. It would provide the rich with a way of escape from the unrealities of a false culture and the limited ambitions of their own class, and admit them to the privileges and responsibilities of a truly communal life.

* * *

THE abolition of the Poor Law relief disqualification for old age pensions has resulted in a large reduction in the statistics of pauperism. According to the figures just published, the number of paupers in receipt of relief at the end of June last was 631,888 as compared with 762,111 for the corresponding period last year. In London alone there has been a decrease from 116,016 to 101,096.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

LIFE—A BECOMING.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD.

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."—ST. MARK iv. 28.

THESE words are an early expression of the law of evolution. They tell us that the higher grows up out of the lower; they show us how one thing or one stage is developed from another.

The seed planted in the earth appears to be a very simple thing. It is really a very complex thing, only its complexities are hidden, and its powers are asleep. To call forth its powers the whole scheme of nature, earth and sea and sky, the recurring seasons, rain, dew, light and darkness, sunshine and lightnings, are required. And its powers appear in a long process of growth beginning in the dark, ruddy earth, starting up at last into sight above the earth—a little spike or blade—acquiring strength under the discipline of rain and sunshine, rising a stage higher into an ear, and by and by reaching to the full corn in the ear. That describes a universal process, only that souls never come in this world to the full corn in the ear.

For the process is not ended here, but is carried on under sunnier skies and in a more favourable climate. It has been finely said that "the life of man here upon the earth is capable of a loveliness which heaven alone can bring to its completion."

We are all familiar with the truth that the lower comes before the higher, that there must be the spelling book before Hamlet, the marble block before the Venus, the candle before the flame, the brain before the thought. It is the teaching which natural science is giving us profusely. She traces the long progress in which the material, at first hard and sterile, has grown fertile with mysterious emanation, and clothed itself with higher and higher life. From the coarser to the finer she watches the growth of the ever ripening world.

But the world is not yet fully ripe. It has not come to the full corn in the ear. The old view regarded creation as a fixed and finished thing, fixed and finished 6,000 years ago; whereas science has taught us that creation is in process, a growing, plastic and increasing thing. The world did not begin with perfection, as our fathers used to think, it is travelling towards perfection. Man did not begin with a fully-developed manhood, he began very low down, and has been journeying on ever since towards a far off divine consummation, his story the story of a constant growth and development. Man finds fault with the world because of its ills, dangers, tragedies and earthquakes, and asks, "Is this all Omnipotence could do? Is this a satisfactory world for human beings and their dwelling place?" forgetting that the world is not made but in *process of making*. Creation is never finished, but everywhere things are moving on from the crude to the refined, from the lower to the higher, from the natural to the spiritual. Omar

Khayyam, regarding the world as a fixed and finished creation, could only rail at it as a poor business, and wish that he might have the re-making of it:

"Ah Love! could thou and I with Him conspire

To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would not we scatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire."

It did not dawn upon him that the world was in process, not a finished creation at all, but something on which the Creator is still at work and at work through His children, shaping it to something better. In spite of his pessimism and agnosticism Omar was quite an orthodox believer in the doctrine of a world once created, and, while needing, yet incapable of improvement. The only difference on this point between Omar and the theologians was that in his view God, having made a bungle of the world, henceforth deserted it, while they maintained that God, having originally made the world perfect, was now occupied with the fact that it had got out of gear and calls for rectifying. Whereas the modern mind regards God as gradually creating a better world than ever yet has been. Under the first view it seems to me Omar is largely justified in his complaint of life and the world, for under that view the existence of evil seems the negative of Omnipotence. Under the modern view evil is seen to be only a stepping stone to higher things. If we once take in the idea that the world is not yet made, but that the Creator is making it, and making it with *our co-operation*, causing us to be dissatisfied with the world around us, making us condemn our present social, mental, animal state as a state with which it would be shameful to be content, I will not say that all the difficulties which encompass life's problems would vanish, but I do say we should begin to see daylight through them.

For what we see, as taught by evolution, is a world in process, not fixed, static, or finished, but everywhere in course of development, growing and increasing and becoming, reaching up from the lower to the higher, reaching forward to something eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived.*

Now let us apply this thought to man. Remember what has been said just now about the development of the seed, that to bring out the hidden powers of the seed requires the whole scheme of nature. Place the seed in a vacuum and it will never sprout, never become the blade and the ear and the full corn. It needs all the world of nature for its development—the dark mould, the blue heavens, the winds, the rain, the sunshine, and the thousand delicate impalpable chemical influences in the soil and the air. So is that seed, the individual man; he needs for his full development the whole working of civilisation, its achievements, its pressure, its ideas, its arts and literature and knowledge. The powers of the seed are gradually liberated—called forth from their prison house—by the process of nature; so the hidden faculties of man are gradually liberated for use by the forces of the civilisation around him. Life is always in process, it is always a be-

coming. It is never fixed and finished. Still there are unseen germs and seeds within the man waiting for the quickening touch. The slumbering splendours of his spirit are still in process of being liberated. No man is yet wholly free from the clay which imprisons his powers.

Of course there is a sense in which the spirit of man is always free. To be free is its essential nature. But the nature of a thing is what it arrives at, not what it starts with. The nature of an oak is not found in the acorn, you could not tell what an oak is by any study of the acorn; it is what it becomes after 300 years of growth in storms and sunshine. It is not the seed, but the full-grown plant, or rather it is the whole process from the lowest stage to the highest which reveals the nature and the life within. It is not the crude savage who tells us what man is, but the civilised man, and all the story of the process from savagery to civilisation which reveals the nature of man. A good many questions would be less puzzling if this were borne in mind. Life is a process of liberation—setting free man's hidden powers, one by one. What unending disputes there are over the question whether the Will of Man is or is not free. Yet this question does not admit of a definite "Yes" or "No". The will of man is not free and yet it is. It is in process of liberation, it is acquiring freedom. It is potentially free, but in practice it is not yet wholly free. It is both "Yes" and "No". It is true in a sense that the child is father of the man; but it is also true that he is not the man, and that his sole business his life through is to become the man. A developing thing is what it can become; and yet it must become what it is.

Man is a son of God—he is what he can become—and yet he must labour to become what he is. He is a seed full of hidden powers, and all his life long these powers are coming forth, first the blade, then the ear, then some day—here or there—the full corn in the ear. Man is not made a finished thing; he is in process of making. He is not yet what it is in him to be. His ideals of a knowledge which is adequate, and a conduct which satisfies his spirit, of a rose-radiant love ruling in life, transcend his achievements. Yet these ideals are the very deepest realities within him, they are his life, his nature, himself. His is not bond or free, rational or irrational; but he is on the road, moving from promise to fulfilment, from visions to reality, in so far as he is true to himself. He is *becoming* free and *acquiring* reason. He is not made yet. He is in process.

So in a very true sense man is only just beginning his career. We have none of us seen the full-grown, free, and perfect man.

"Man as yet is being made, and ere
the crowning Age of Ages,
Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch
him into shape?"

All about him shadow still, but, while the
races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly
gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their
voices blend in choric

* See Bergson's "Creative Evolution."

Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finished. Man is made.'"

Now the business of religion is to develop and finish man, and one of the first steps is to persuade us that we are not as good as we think we are, that we are not the perfect creatures we are so complacent about, but that at present we are only the raw material of men, and need shaping, and refining, and enveloping, and urging onward and upward. Life is for every one of us a *becoming*. That dull stolid satisfaction with ourselves, with what we are and with what we have done which marks so many of us, is a dark prison-house, holding our powers, our souls in bondage. Not yet are we fully grown. Not yet are all the faculties within us liberated. You are not so morally sensitive as you ought to be, as you can be, you are not so intelligent as it is in you to become, you are not so magnanimous as is possible for you; you are not so sweet and gracious and thoroughly human as your own nature demands of you. Thank God if you are moving on, in process, becoming. You are called to be and become yourself—your true self—your possible self. That call is a consecration. A man is consecrated when he obeys the law of his own nature, his mind is consecrated when he obeys the law of thought, his heart is consecrated when he obeys the law of sympathy. Our life is consecrated by *becoming* all that it can become. For this kind of man the world waits.

And you, my friend, are this kind of man in seed, in germ, in potentiality. You do not perhaps think it of yourself; it is true you believe in God and Godlikeness from *some*. You believe in heroism and sainthood for *some*. You see and admire the beauty of love and honour and magnanimity in *some*. But you think that these high things are not for you. You rather pride yourself on being so humble about yourself. These things belong to a kind of spiritual aristocracy, a superior caste, made out of finer clay. You are on a lower level, your nature and life are limited to the needs and interests and experiences of the lower world. You must be content with standards which do not provoke the world's opposition or hinder you from worldly success. You are glad to know that there are flaming saints and glorious heroes, that there are men and women who for ever follow the Gleam and who are always pressing on—but alas! you too contentedly conclude that you are not of their number; you too contentedly acquiesce in living a dwarfed and stunted life, and with staying where you are and with being what you are.

Oh! believe that this higher nature is your nature also—believe that there is no achievement of saint or hero but is possible for you; believe that these things are not for a few chosen men only, but that they are for all men—for the man in the street, for the ordinary business man, for the ordinary woman of the ordinary house no less than for the few.

Do not think so meanly of yourself. See what a vast thing it is to be a man. You have a right to look at the best in the best men of your race and say, "This is what I am meant to be." At present it may be you are no more than the un-

developed seed. Put that seed, your own soul, into the right conditions, give it the husbandry it needs, the husbandry of prayer and earnest thought, of useful effort, of obedience to its every prompting, and its hidden powers will begin to appear—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and life will become for you a movement onward and upward, beyond the bounds of space, higher than the stars, on to the throne of God!

DELIVERANCE.

How good it is that man should have the power
 To thrust the imprisoning fear and shame aside,
 And stand within a fair domain and wide,
 Where Love and Wisdom fill the golden hour
 With spiritual largess; with the boon and dower
 Of life's great privilege seen and verified;
 The holiness of Beauty as a bride
 Revealed, and in her hand Hope's passion-flower!

 To escape from Death! The Resurrection call
 Peals the triumphant note that brings release
 From cruel isolation, and the gall
 Of failure: man has power to win his place,
 His strength and freedom in the joy of all
 The Saviours of the world, till time shall cease.

J. L. HAIGH.

PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS.

ALCOHOL AND CHILDHOOD.

THESE early years of the twentieth century are marked by an awakening of the conscience of the nation in regard to its duty towards the young. We have parents' associations, mothers' associations, children's courts, a "Children's Act," free breakfasts for children, and even free spectacles and free dentistry. Then under the name of Eugenics a new science has arisen which endeavours to impress upon the nation its duty to future generations, its great responsibility towards the still unborn. We are shown how wrong it is that children should be brought into the world under such conditions that they can only live to suffer and to be a cause of suffering to others.

A potent cause of degeneracy and suffering in children is found to be parental alcoholism, for alcohol is a racial poison; that is, it poisons the system of the parents in a way that directly affects the unborn child. Mr. Galton long ago quoted the case of a man who, after having several

normal children, became a drunkard and had imbecile offspring; and another case has been recorded of a healthy woman who, when married to a drunken husband, had five sickly children who died in infancy, but in a later marriage with a man who was not a drinker, had normal and vigorous children. Again, a case which is typical of many others is reported by Dr. Norman Kerr, in which first was born a son and then a daughter, who both mentally and physically were excellent specimens of vigorous humanity. After the birth of the daughter the father fell into habits of dissipation and rapidly became an habitual drunkard. He had four more children, of whom one was defective in mind, while the remainder were complete idiots.

Dr. Mott has lately published (with full details) the case of a man who was a chronic drunkard from boyhood, and whose mind had been affected in consequence, so that he had been twice in an asylum. This man became the father of eight children, of whom five have had to be confined in lunatic asylums. Three are still there, one died there of tuberculosis, and one, after being several times admitted and discharged, is at present at large, perhaps in his turn to become a parent and bring similar wretchedness upon a third generation.

So much for paternal alcoholism. What, then, is the effect of maternal drunkenness? Here we have the result of an inquiry made by Dr. W. C. Sullivan as to the children of 120 drunken mothers. He says:—" . . . of 600 children born of 120 drunken mothers, 335 (55.8 per cent.) died in infancy or were still-born, several of the survivors were mentally defective, and as many as 4.1 per cent. were epileptic. Many of these women had female relatives, sisters or daughters, of sober habits and married to sober husbands. On comparing the death-rate amongst the children of the sober mothers with that amongst the children of the drunken women of the same stock, the former was found to be 23.9 per cent., the latter 55.2 per cent., or nearly two and a half times as much. It was further observed that in the drunken families there was a progressive rise in the death-rate from the earlier to the later born children."

Dr. Sullivan cites as a typical alcoholic family one in which the first three children were healthy, the fourth was of defective intelligence, the fifth was an epileptic idiot, and the sixth was born dead.

Dr. Clage Shaw told the Interdepartmental Committee on Physical Deterioration, "We have inebriate mothers, and either abortions or degenerate children." "In the case of alcohol and the infant,"

says Dr. Saleby, "it is the developing nervous system that is most markedly affected. This leads, of course, to an increased child mortality, especially by way of convulsions. This was the cause of 60 per cent. of all the deaths that occurred amongst the six hundred children in Dr. Sullivan's series. But it has especially to be remembered that a large number of children whose nervous systems are injured for life by parental and more especially by maternal alcoholism do not die either as infants or children. Instead of dying of convulsions they live as epileptics. Of the children in Dr. Sullivan's

series 219 lived beyond infancy, and of these 9, or 4.1 per cent., became epileptic, as compared with 0.1 per cent. of the whole population. Other observers have found epilepsy in 12 per cent., and even 15 per cent., of the children of alcoholic parents."*

It may be said that the instances given here are all of the effect upon children of actual drunkenness in their parents, and that a little alcohol taken in moderation may do no harm. In this connection the painstaking studies of Professor Taav Laitinen, M.D., of Helsingfors, are of great interest. In 1903 he began this work, and being a physician with an extensive practice he had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the conditions of a great number of families, both alcohol-drinking and non-drinking. He studied as many as 5,845 families, with 20,008 children among them. He sent out circulars asking parents a series of questions, beginning :—

" Honourable Fellow-countrymen,—You will do a great service to science if you will conscientiously fill in this circular respecting your new-born child during the first eight months of its life, and return the circular in the enclosed envelope to Prof. Taav Laitinen." Then follow sixteen questions, in which are included those three :—" Are the parents alcohol drinkers or abstainers ? Both ?" (i.e., both parents). " To what extent do they consume (state if daily; also if beer, corn brandy, wine, brandy, or any other form of alcohol, or all of these) ? Say if the maternal grandfather drank alcohol." To these circulars the professor had received 2,125 answers carefully filled in, when he wrote the paper in which he compiled his facts.† He says, " When I use the term ' abstainer,' I mean a person who has never taken alcohol, or at least not since his marriage. By the term ' moderate,' a person who takes no more alcohol than corresponds to one glass of beer a day; and by the term ' drinker,' a person who drinks daily more than the equivalent of one glass Finnish beer (about 4 per cent. alcohol). The tables made out according to the answers to the circulars are most striking. The children of the abstainers weigh on an average most at birth, the children of the moderates, or one-glass-of-beer parents come next, while the children of those who take more than the one glass of beer and are classed as drinkers, are the smallest. And this difference in weight increases for the whole of the eight months after birth, for the children of the abstainers develop fastest, those of the moderates next, while the drinker's children develop the most slowly. " In my opinion," adds the doctor, " a heavier and more rapidly developing child would have a better chance in life than a lighter and more slowly developing child."

As regards the cutting of teeth, the same difference was found. At the end of the eighth month, of the children of abstainers 27.5 per cent. were toothless, moderates 33.9 per cent., drinkers 42.3 per cent. The average number of teeth at the end

of the eighth month was about as follows : Per child of abstainers 2.5 per cent., moderates 2.1 per cent., drinkers 1.5 per cent. These last-named facts tend to verify the more and less rapid development of the respective children, and show the retarding influence upon the children of the consumption of alcohol by their parents. The proportion of deaths follows the same rule. Up to the present it is abstainers' children 13.45 per cent., moderates' children 23.17 per cent., drinkers' children 32.02 per cent. Besides sending out these circulars the professor thoroughly studied in a little country town where the daily habits of the inhabitants are known to everybody, 59 drinking and 50 non-drinking families living in similar circumstances. Of the children born to the non-drinking families 18.48 per cent. have died and 1.3 per cent. are weakly. Of the children of the drinking parents 24.82 per cent. have died and 8.27 of the survivors are weakly.

" If we reflect upon the facts above-mentioned," comments Prof. Laitinen, " we find that all observations, whether made on a small or on a large scale, point in the same direction, namely, that the alcohol-drinking of parents, even in small quantities (about one glass of beer a day), has exercised a degenerative influence upon their offspring."

In the wine-growing districts of Austria the teachers know that a large number of very dull children coming into the schools in any given year, denotes an exceptionally good vintage six years before. This was stated by a teacher at a temperance congress held in Vienna.

Recent researches have shown that tuberculosis attacks the children of drinkers more frequently than others. Arrivé found it in 10 per cent. among drinkers' children, but only in 1.8 per cent. among others. In this connection Mrs. Scharlieb's article on " Alcoholism in Relation to Women and Children," may be quoted. She tells us that " The milk of the alcoholic mother not only contains alcohol, but is otherwise unsuitable for the infants' nourishment ; It does not contain the proper proportions of protein, sugar, fat, &c., and it is therefore not suited for the building up of a healthy body."

The brunt of the evil heritage caused by alcoholism falls upon the nervous system of the next generation, and it takes many forms, from nerve weakness and want of self-control up to mental deficiency and actual insanity. Dr. MacNicholl made in 1901 an examination for the New York Academy of Medicine of fifty-five thousand school children. The habits of the parents in regard to alcohol were reported in 20,147 cases, and this was the tabulated result :—Children of drinking parents, 6,624 ; children of drinking parents reported dullards, 53 per cent ; children of abstaining parents, 13,523 ; children of abstaining parents reported dullards, 10 per cent. These dullards are the despair of their school teachers, and later on

become part of the great army of incapables who fill workhouses and prisons, and are a heavy burden upon the State. And more than half the children of drinking parents would appear to belong to this category !

And how do we stand in England as

regards the large class of inebriate women who are also criminals ? Do they become mothers ? Yes. Amongst those committed as criminal inebriates (under the London County Council) in 1905-6, three hundred and sixty-five of those admitted to reformatories had two thousand two hundred children. These are the official figures. As to the quality of these children, there is unfortunately no possibility of question. Is it any wonder that we hear of the degeneracy of our race ?

How can any nation hope to remain in the forefront which shuts its eyes and its ears to the wrong which is being done to the little ones who are its future citizens, and encourages on all sides the sale of that which injures them before they come into the world, and incalculably after. That which causes hundreds of them to be crushed out of life when their mothers come home drunk to bed (612 in one year in London alone, mostly on Saturday nights), that which is stated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to be " the primary cause of the misery, cruelty and neglect," inflicted by parents on their helpless children.

Ten thousand two hundred and eighty-eight such cases were discovered in Liverpool alone in one year ! Truly " the cry of the children " is still heard in the land.

VIOLET SALLY.

Note.—Since writing the above I have read Miss Mary Dendy's admirable papers on the feeble-minded in recent issues of THE INQUIRER. But it is evident that she has not studied the researches that have been made as to the connection between alcoholism in the parents and feeble-mindedness in the children, or she could not have written " as a matter of fact the children of drunkards are not more liable to be mentally weak than the children of sober people." The facts as ascertained, not by " jealous " teetotallers—why " jealous " ?—but by careful men of science, are, as I have tried to show, all the other way. Dr. Branthwaite, whom Miss Dendy quotes, says himself, " Truly we have neglected in the past, and are still neglecting, the main source of drunkard supply—the drunkard himself; cripple that, and we should soon see some good result from our work."* That mental incompetence and weakness (whether caused by alcoholic parentage or otherwise) is a common cause of excessive drinking is equally true, and would appear to be directly opposed to Miss Dendy's statement that " It is quite easy to keep the weak in mind from drinking." " Many of these persons drink," says Sir Victor Horsley, " because they simply have no will power to abstain."

* * Next week we shall publish a special article on the Bahais by Mr. Eric Hammond, author of " The Splendour of God " in Murray's " Wisdom of the East " Series. Mr. Hammond writes with personal knowledge of Abdul Baha (Abbas Effendi) the present leader of the movement.

* Norman Kerr Memorial Lecture. By Dr. Welsh Branthwaite, H.M. Inspector under the Inebriates Act.

* Parenthood and Race Culture. By Dr. Saleebey. See chapter on Racial Poisons, page 213.

† A contribution to the Study of the Influence of Alcohol on the degeneration of human offspring, read before the International Congress on Alcoholism, held in London in 1909.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE VITALITY OF PLATONISM.

THE world of philosophic and religious thought has lately been enriched by the publication of a book* valuable to all who care for great ideas nobly interpreted. The appearance, three years ago, of "The Religious Teachers of Greece," brought the name and memory of James Adam before a wider circle of readers than his editions of the Republic and other Platonic dialogues would reach; and this further volume of essays on various aspects of Greek thought preserves some of his finest utterances in a very fresh and living form. Worthy of grateful acceptance as it stands, it will meet its fullest welcome among those who recall, while they read, a Cambridge lecture-room and a voice now silent.

The title-essay is happily chosen. The vitality of the man himself and his message was one of the first and last impressions which contact with James Adam produced. Keen and scholarly to the core, quaintly humorous and full of human kindness, enthusiastic and inspiring beyond description, he was in all aspects essentially alive, and his teaching was the direct impress of a rare personality. And he was a Platonist through and through. Whether he dwelt specially upon this his chosen subject, or turned to some other phase of ancient thought or its modern developments, the same spirit always pervaded his words and became thereafter part of the life of those who listened. He insisted continually on the kinship of Platonism with Christianity, and with all the higher thought of the world; and its two keynotes became on his lips the keynotes of life itself—the abiding reality of the spiritual and the essential kinship of the human with the divine.

Of the vitality of such a gospel the modern utterances of religion are constantly bearing witness. It is helpful to pass for a time from the too familiar phrases in which we are accustomed to clothe these mysteries of life, and to find them expressed by distant Hellenism under other forms and with varying emphasis, and for that very reason with possibly a stronger appeal. The materialist will always be as impatient of Plato's creed as Plato was of the atomism of his day; the idealist, the poet, and the mystic in every age acknowledge what he has done for the world's truest life. Expanding without end, like his own scheme of education, his message mingles to-day with that wide stream of progress in thought and freedom which makes for the ocean of truth.

It is suggestive of the whole spirit of Platonism that the outward personality of its founder is so little known. Socrates confronts us with a face we recognise as surely as our neighbour's, a hand we can almost grasp in ours. But the pupil who turned the noble prose of Socrates' message into poetry has held up his

teacher's form and person as a veil to his own. The disciples of the Academy seem to have looked on their master with an awe which restrained in their descriptions the "human touch." We know Plato, but the knowledge is spiritual; his mind lies open before us, but the bodily presence is vague and shadowy. It is the right position for one who spoke incessantly of the contrast between this world of seeming show and the world of reality—that radiant place of pure truth compared with which our earth in its brightest sunlight is only a land of shadows. "Yonder" is the light which giveth light to all; and as the soul journeys up out of the cave of its imprisonment, it shall look at last, with dazzled eyes, on the source of all that is. Here is only the twilight of "the realm of becoming"—never sheer darkness, but never unimpeded light. Image succeeds image in this poet's teeming mind, but the comparison of darkness and light is dominant among them as he tries to set forth the relation of the temporal to the eternal. The attempt to reduce this or any other of his metaphors to terms of pure logic will assuredly meet with the failure it deserves; the absence of strict terminology from Plato's language is no defect to be remedied, but the glory of his whole message. He is speaking (and as a poet at heart) of the things which transcend speech, and he is too wise a pupil of truth to fetter her word by rigid terms of his own forging. His ideas shimmer upon us through the haze of his poetic fancy, and of his reverence for the sublimely indescribable. The forms of infinite existence are beyond the definition of finite minds. To say that he insists on the reality of the abstract compared with the concrete brings us as heavily to the ground as the upward journeying soul whose chariot, in his own myth, is dragged down by the steed of gross affections. To describe his gospel as the message of divine transcendence and immanence united is to confuse and load it somewhat with shibboleths which we may be too wont to repeat as if we therefore understood them. But in these two words, full as they are of meanings beyond human understanding, lies somewhere the essence of Plato's creed and his claims to be a spiritual guide. Not only here is some little knowledge and light to be found as the soul abides in its bodily prison-house, in the world but not of it; yonder is the home of pure truth and of good without admixture of evil, and death unlocks the door to wider knowledge, purer life, and perfect happiness in the eternity which surrounds and fills all time. And yet not only yonder, in that suprasensual world beyond time and space, shines the light of truth and existence; this world of shadows which we call bright and real is shot through and through with somewhat of the divine radiance, and even the darker shadows which we know as such contain some fraction of the light which pervades all.

We recognise to-day that the one truth admits of no separation from the other. Centuries of over-emphasis on the divine transcendence have made necessary for this age an emphasis, itself sometimes too partial, on the divine immanence.

Those centuries have given the world another thought which Plato rarely puts into definite form of words—the grasp of a Personality to which faith has given the dearest human name it knew. Liberal religion is uniting all these elements into something greater than has yet appeared; and the world-faith which is coming will not lose Plato's message of the vastness and glory of the Eternal, and of its pervading presence in and through all that is temporal—

" Beyond the reach of sun and star,
And yet beside us here."

The other great doctrine of Platonism is no less closely interwoven with the religious thought of this age. The divine origin and kinship of the human soul is Plato's surety for every hope of progress and immortality, and the motive he holds out for every aim towards the things that are above. It is figured forth in the lovely parables of pre-existence, of the sleep and forgetting of human birth, the innate discontent of the soul in its vesture of decay, and its gradual recovery of lost knowledge and purity till death sets it free to work out its destiny through another form of existence, or to return, if worthy, whence it came. Plato borrows here or there from his predecessors, but the resulting whole is his own creation. In the assurance that every soul born into the world contains the divine spark, and is "a plant not of earthly but of heavenly growth," lies the faith of teacher and reformer and the hope of the whole race. In it lies also the only and ample surety for direct contact of the individual with the Divine. One of the essays in the volume before us traces the growth of this doctrine through Greek thought to its culmination in Plato as "the ever-living watchword of idealism." Another finds in it, and its corollary of human brotherhood, an essential greatness of Stoicism as represented in the Hymn of Cleanthes. Far and wide beyond Hellenism we meet it in every spiritual faith of the world. Jesus finds in it, as he finds in the Divine essence itself, the added sweetness of a tender human relationship; and to-day the same conviction, in one form or another, quickens every fresh impulse towards righteousness and peace, compassion, and brotherhood.

Based on such an assurance of the mystery and greatness of our human nature, Plato's gospel is one of endless growth in which the intellectual and the moral part share equally and supply each other's need. Any distinction between them is indeed foreign to the real temper of his philosophy. With Plato knowledge and virtue, mathematical study and mystical communion are in essence one. The infinite pervades all life and breaks down the barriers which we set up between one department and another of the soul's action. Education—and Plato stands for education above all—is the turning of the whole nature from darkness to light; and it is a process as endless as life itself.

" Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea!"

* The Vitality of Platonism, and other Essays. By James Adam. Edited by his Wife. Camb. Univ. Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Life is essentially an education, here and hereafter; and every lesson learnt is of eternal significance. Here is inspiration and consecration for teacher and pupil alike. "Fair is the prize, and great the hope."

The mass of parallels, from all idealistic literature, which can be brought to illustrate Plato's own phrases, may witness, if witness be needed, to the abiding elements which his teaching contains. He has influenced the greatest minds in every later age, whether they knew it or not, and through them the life of the world itself. His metaphysic, taken at any of its several stages, may fail before the criticism of wider knowledge and more systematised and complex thought; the details of his political and social system take high rank—perhaps the highest—among that literature of Utopia which inspires the reformer, but may yet check and hinder his hand at its work amidst modern conditions. Not in these parts of his work lies Plato's real contribution to the world's thought; but by his spiritualisation of all life, his sublime view of education, and, above and through all, his recognition of the divine in humanity, he has lit a torch which the generations will keep alight.

DOROTHY TARRANT.

THE GROUP-SOUL IN SONG.

To see a flock of birds alight upon a leafless tree, each finding its roost at one and the same moment, is to witness one of the most surprising instances of common action in nature. They start together. They wheel around in a single body. They alight as one. For they are then but automata under the control of a single group-soul. A crowd of the same number of children rushing to take their seats in a schoolroom would present a scene from Bedlam—until trained for common action. The instinctive act of the bird has to be regained by patient training of the human. And that training takes the human into achievements of power impossible to the most social brute.

Naturalists have described the pleasant effect of hearing a large concourse of birds singing; as, for example, around the shores of South American lakes. Yet though birds sing together, there is no togetherness in their singing. The group-soul which demands perfect submission in matters affecting the preservation of the tribe permits individuality and disintegration in other respects; in the play of personal feeling as in song.

To realise what might be its operation in music one must listen to a well-trained choir. The writer has just come away from a meeting of the Welsh National Eisteddvod, at which the chief choral competition took place. To those who have never been present at such a gathering it is impossible to convey an idea of the tremendous impression made by this event. Let the reader imagine fourteen thousand people or more packed together into a sweltering mass on a hot August

day within and around a pavilion roofed with glass and corrugated iron. Many have sat or stood here for four or five hours already. Just before the chief event, four candidates selected out of fifty-five competitors have played Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. Never before, surely, has it been played under such adverse circumstances. And now the adjudicator is trying to set forth the terms of his decision. But in vain. It is not to discuss the merits of young Chopin-lovers that our colliers and tinplate-workers have waited so long. Already the members of the first choir are filing on to the stage, and the accumulated impatience of the assembly seeks vent in the general babble that ensues. Like the rumblings of thunder before the burst of an electric storm sounds the din that tells of the turmoil of excitement gathering in this vast throng. One man alone is cool. He is stalking quietly across the stage. He is destined again to-day to lead his choir into victory. And no one present knows the secret except himself. Having complete control over himself, he can rule others as a magician moves his subjects with his wand. The very way in which his two hundred singers move to their places proves the advantage of stern discipline. There they range, eight rows of silent faces; and when they rise, it is as one man. The contrast between the quiet and orderliness of the choir and the unruly ardour of the crowd is amazing. Never before has such a test been imposed—the singing, unaccompanied, of three choral pieces of such difficulty and variety of difficulty. One can suppose the very air peopled with ardent Eisteddvodists of the past, drawn year by year to the feast of song. The cord of expectation is strained so tensely as to approach breaking-point. All eyes are on one man. He has moved his baton. And at once a wave of silence sweeps over the multitude. Before the first vocal strain, some wide-winged dove of peace has floated down from the Empyrean and brooded over us. Some subtle soothing air has been wafted over the assembly. The scene has changed. It is night. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps"—we see it all and feel it all. Cool breezes are blowing over the bare hills, full of delicious whispers, and there is a lake with soft lapping waves, each one a chain of pearls. Out of the woods there is a burst of nightingales, and their notes and the moaning of the wind and the lapping of the waves all make one music. O marvellous sweetness, splendours of vision turned into song. The erasure of all thought, of all sensation in a delicious sea of sound that floods the soul. But, alas! it ends; and we are back on earth, protesting at our bondage to the recent charm, and with Jean Paul Richter's dismissal of music, saying:—"Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find." But one looked with strange inquiry upon the composer, as he sat in the audience, to all seeming, a mere commonplace shrivelled mortal. Is that the man who has communed with angels? But one is not left long to speculate. The second piece has begun:—"O Death! thou art the tranquil night." What it is about it were diffi-

cult to tell. But now the moonlight is eclipsed. There is fear and a long moan. Some shadow has descended on a scene that was once bright and beautiful. Forces of darkness are abroad. One feels acutely miserable. Wails of indescribable pathos, and one wishes to be able to slink away and weep. For what? The Lord and the musician to whom he has whispered the rune alone know. But whatever it is, it is exquisitely sad. O children of the Hills, are you at last giving utterance to what the winds have tried to shriek and whistle so long? Who is this presence whose power you sing, that, robed in purple, stalks magnificently with silent yet irresistible tread over the world?

One is glad that Bach follows. For now one may listen. One may watch with a sense of weaker participation the building of a vast pile of architecture in which are vast spirals of winding stairways and recesses lost behind a maze of lofty pillars. One has time to study the vocalists too. Here is a captain and a host sent out to conquer with weapons forged at a shrine—that of S. Cecilia. All the singers' energies are focussed in their leader. He is for the while their mind and their heart. They hang upon his every look and act. No sooner he thinks, he feels, than they give utterance to his thought and feeling. His the soul that animates the whole. His will binds them into a single body in which personalities are for the time merged and lost. They are but cells in one organism, pliant to the controlling spirit. This welding of separate souls into one choir is like the stiffening into one bar of the loose filings in a vacuum tube with the passage of an electric current. A thousand workers at a cathedral are only conscious of their own contribution; it requires ages to demonstrate the embodiment of the architect's idea. But the singers in a choir are at the moment obsessed by the musician's message, whispered into his ear by the Lord of Song. Two hundred subliminal have coalesced into a psychic completeness, and the conductor is but the co-ordinating ganglion, the controlling plexus. It is such command that a minister should hold in public prayer, and we shall not restore the efficacy of worship until we lift its marshalling forces from the field of the intellect to the field of ultra-rational experience, and regain in psalm and petition the potential energies undiscoverable by the separate individual, but easily recovered by the group-soul.

AFTER HIS OWN IMAGE.

WITH his face turned towards the sacred East and his eyes fixed on the little spire of hair that obstinately pointed to Heaven from the middle of the naughtiest choirboy's head, the Preacher expounded the Faith to his congregation.

"And the Catholic Faith is this," he said dreamily, "that we worship one God."

The Child, who till then had only sustained an interest in life by intoning the responses to an accompaniment of rhythmic squeaks

produced by rubbing a flattened nose over the polished woodwork of the pew, took full advantage of the one occasion when it was praiseworthy to speak as with as much authority as one's elders.

"And the Catholic Faith is this," she repeated decisively, "that we worship one God."

In the hush of the prayer that followed she glanced surreptitiously over the edge of her pew and, catching sight of the stained-glass saint who was smiling a little reproachfully at a bowler hat resting on the sill beneath him, said a repentant prayer for a wandering attention and once more reminded her God of the three most urgent desires of her heart. She uttered a fervent "Amen," and endeavoured to make a little prayer (for "those who know no God to love") "last out" until the Preacher spoke again.

Lifting his head from his hands the Preacher let his glance rest on the little head scarcely visible above the top of the pew. He knew, as well as if he had heard her prayer, that she had been loved too much ever to understand the God to whom he had introduced her, and that this stern, strong God of the Catechism was already overthrown by the grandfather God—the vague, affectionate deity who was nothing more than an impersonal knee eternally ready to be climbed upon, impersonal arms to cry in, and an impersonal spirit that comforted and forgave—no questions asked—and implicitly trusted one "never to do it again."

The Old Man, who could no longer kneel, sat comfortably in his pew and talked to a tolerant God—disillusioned but not bitter. A God smiling at progress and enthusiasm and willing to let such as could be happy while they could. A God who knew no soul worthy of hell or heaven, who saw no black or white in the world, who expected only grey.

It was to a militant God that the Boy prayed. A fierce, strong God, who sought and challenged wrongs and fought for rights. Not slow and prudent or divinely simple but a God, as it were, of the world, who acknowledged the doing of evil that good may come as an expeditious doctrine appealing to one's common-sense and acceptable to one's conscience.

The Woman who was miserable said no prayer, finding comfort in the silent sympathy of a God who had suffered and could understand—a fact that human friends so grudgingly admit—that the things we cry about are worth our grief.

The Preacher looked up at the "Risen Christ" above the altar and admired the artist who had caught an expression that to the most diverse assembly (no member of whom would recognize the God of his neighbour or know him for a God) was characteristic of deity. For in the eyes of "the Risen Christ" shone an infinite belief that under a strata of more or less accidental faults there is at the heart of each of us a seam of pure gold.

The Preacher smiled over the heads of his congregation at a frayed streak of light that poured in between the massive hinges of the ancient door.

"We can't give up hope of humanity," he said, his smile deepening, "while it has such infinite faith in itself."

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS.*

WHAT Jesus actually was and how his personality both in the past and as a living force in the present, is related to the thought and faith of the Christian world, are questions which require to be constantly restated and answered in the light of the growing knowledge of each new generation. In our own time the chief advance of knowledge has been through the comparative study of the great religions of the ancient world, and investigation of the actual life, the contemporary literature and other remains, the forms of thought and belief, of the people among whom Jesus grew up, both of his own Hebrew race and other nations, and of the age which saw the uprising of the Christian church. Thus the process of legendary growth in the tradition of the life of Jesus is more clearly understood and the significance of the result more justly judged in the light of parallels furnished by the life of Gotama and the subsequent developments of Buddhism; and the right appreciation of the teaching of Jesus, and of the doctrines of the early church, has been substantially advanced by illuminating studies of contemporary apocalyptic literature and fresh evidence concerning contemporary faiths and religious usages in the Roman world.

In the light of this new knowledge, Dr. Carpenter's recent lectures on the Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ, somewhat expanded in the four chapters of this little book, are of living interest. Thoughtful readers will gain from them welcome insight into the present position of gospel study and the criticism of subsequent doctrinal developments, and will see upon what points of inquiry attention ought now to be chiefly concentrated. The first two chapters deal with the life of Jesus, the character of his teaching, and in particular his attitude towards the doctrine of the Kingdom of God, the Messiahship, and the "coming of the Son of Man"; the third and fourth trace the course of Christian speculation through the stages of Pauline and Fourth Gospel thought down to the victory of Athanasius at Nicaea, and then through the complications of the controversy over the two natures in the Christ. The difficulties of that old controversy have had again to be faced in recent attempts from the Orthodox side to restate the doctrine of the Incarnation, and Dr. Carpenter shows how the apologetic, which seeks to find some relief in the theory of *Kenosis*, fails to carry conviction, as does Professor Sanday's last suggestion that the deity in Jesus must be sought during his earthly career in his sub-conscious self. The whole course of theological speculation concerning the nature of Christ does but send us back with renewed earnestness to the contemplation of the actual human life, to realise the power of that spirit, which

worked so mightily in him, and it is in the earlier part of this study that we find the centre of vital interest.

The opening of the first chapter clears the way for a sketch of the circumstances of the life of Jesus and the character of his teaching. The recent recrudescence of the mythical theory in Germany, with its echoes in this country and America, has of course to be dealt with. Dr. Carpenter gives a sufficient account of Professor Jensen's "Gilgamesh" theory (a kind of universal key to all mythologies), and of the "Christ Myth" of Professor Drews, with its astonishing combinations (*Agnus Dei* = *Agni Deus*, and the like)—sufficient, at least, effectually to set aside the doubts thus suggested of the reality of the human personality, the commanding and prophetic spirit of Jesus, and then passes to the testimony of Paul and the Synoptic Gospels. For a fuller criticism of Drews, he refers to Mr. Rossington's "Did Jesus really live?" (noticed in the INQUIRER of April 8), but while that is admirable so far as it goes, it still appears to us that the thankless task of tracking the extraordinary windings of this theory should be undertaken for English readers, at least as fully as it has been done in Germany by Professors Weinel, Weiss, and von Soden.

When we turn, under Dr. Carpenter's guidance, to the consideration of the Pauline Epistles, and the Synoptic narratives of the life of Jesus, we find ample recognition of the speculative and legendary elements they contain, but with a due sense of proportion, in the reasonable light of history. Paul's conception of "the man from heaven" (not "a God"), whose return was eagerly awaited in his own life-time, "with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God," was of course a speculative, apocalyptic form of thought, destined to pass away; but it was not out of such dreams that the new and victorious power of the Christian life was born. The vital fact in Paul's testimony is that he was convinced against his will, against the whole force of his own pre-conceptions and his passionate persecuting zeal, that Jesus, the despised and crucified, was the Christ. That was only possible through inward conviction of the reality of that Jesus and the supreme power of his life, to whom the persecuted bore witness. He saw and felt in them already "Christ formed in the heart," because they had learnt of Jesus, and that came afterwards to be his own experience, with yet profounder insight and ardour of personal devotion. It was a personal human life of spiritual fellowship into which they were gathered in the brotherhood of the disciples, and it was directly derived from the quickening power of the Master himself. Deeper than all the forms of apocalyptic imagination, the fact of the revealing and kindling power of the human life of Jesus remains, the life of a true man, supreme among the prophets, potent by the grace of God for the creative work it accomplished, and is still accomplishing, in the history of our race, "Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ"—that is the abiding watchword of Christian faith.

And with the Synoptic records it is the same. There we come into much closer

* The Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., D.Litt., D.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. London : Philip Green. 8s. 6d. net.

contact with the human life as it was on earth, but only as we learn with historic imaginative insight to pass through the temporary forms of thought to the essential spirit of the man and the universal elements of his teaching. The evangelists came after Paul, to present a picture of the life of Jesus, coloured by the doctrines and expectations current in their day, and we have to learn to look through their minds, as we surely may, to the reality beyond. Dr. Carpenter makes it clear how decidedly the popular eschatology influenced the moulding of the tradition. The evangelists relate unreal things of Jesus, but behind the legend is the power of the actual life; and at the heart of the teaching concerning the Kingdom of God and what is asked of men as children of God, are universal truths of immortal power, which kindle with new and deeper meaning as one enters more deeply into the Master's mind and as they are tested in the experience of each new generation.

It is true that Jesus himself employed temporary forms of thought. The question how far he identified himself with the expected Messiah of his people, and how far that idea determined the form of his own teaching, remains still open to the research of sympathetic insight. The present tendency seems to be rather to over-emphasise the eschatological elements in the teaching. Even Dr. Carpenter at one point in his reconstruction of the story seems to admit what we take to be an impossible element, where, describing the last journey to Jerusalem, "full of mingled hope and apprehension," he says of Jesus: "But to the twelve he blithely promises twelve thrones for judgment over the twelve tribes of Israel." Whether there was a definite twelve separate from the rest of the disciples is open to question, and much further from reality appears to us the suggestion that Jesus as we know him, the spiritual prophet of the Kingdom, could have harboured any such idea as that of so apportioning twelve thrones. It seems much more like a touch of popular Jewish imagination in the after-moulding of the story. But where we come into surest contact with the actual life is in the conviction that whatever form the coming of the Kingdom may take, it is the law of the inward life of the children of God that must prevail, the law which holds now as it did in that olden time, and that the essential thing always is absolute trust, allegiance to righteousness, and surrender to the Father's will. To be stirred and uplifted by the moving power of the Cross we need not go further than this watching with a martyr soul. Here was one absolutely convinced that the Kingdom must come, that he had vision of the divine law, and that he must give himself utterly to declare its truth, even unto death, and that for the rest God would care. He may have had ponderings as to how it might be, whether he himself were actually that "Son of Man" who should come. But whether we can know this or not, the certain thing is the man of pure, gentle, loving spirit, faithful unto death, with the prayer that the Father's will may be done, and this spirit of life in the heart of Jesus has prevailed, through all changing forms of thought, through all theological speculations, and

still prevails. We have been told recently with somewhat wearisome iteration that Liberal Christianity has failed. Dr. Carpenter, on the contrary, shows that it is eschatological Christianity, with its Apocalyptic Christ, which has really failed, and must pass away, that men may enter more and more perfectly into the secret of Jesus and the ideal of the Kingdom of God.

HARNACK'S NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES.*

In this, the fourth and last volume of his New Testament Studies, Professor Harnack takes the opportunity of replying to criticism passed on his earlier works before discussing, in the light of previous researches, the date of the Acts and the Synoptic Gospels. It seems impossible to resist the inference from language, style, and interest in medicine, that the author of the "we" sections, and of the rest of Acts and the third Gospel is one person. Whether tradition rightly assigns these writings to Luke, the friend and companion of Paul, is another and more perplexing question. Answering it confidently in the affirmative, Harnack incidentally makes a good point in reference to the relations of Luke and the Apostle. "The common assumption that a companion of St. Paul must be pictured simply according to the pattern of the master is without any basis, and is doubly reprehensible in the case of a Gentile of no slight culture, who already, before his conversion to Christianity, was in touch with the Synagogue. Tatian was a disciple of Justin, and mentions Justin with the highest praise in the very work which shows us how far in teaching he is removed from his master." Refusing to accept the judgment that the portrait of Paul in Acts could not have been drawn by an intimate friend since it is palpably false, he meets the attacks of critics by examining minutely Paul's attitude towards Judaism. He endeavours to prove that the Epistles—even Galatians and Romans—afford evidence that Paul had not broken absolutely with the hopes and claims of Judaism. In regard to Paul's own practice, he says, "There is a serious gap in our first-hand knowledge of this side of Paul's conduct; but that this side existed there can be no doubt, nor is there any question of the double principle upon which it was based—the principle of accommodation and, for the circumcised, of obligation." The Apostle indeed, "came into direct conflict with Judaism just because he conceded too much to Judaism." Harnack does not argue that Luke has sketched for us Paul's character in its completeness. The evangelist was more interested in facts than in psychology, and, as far as we can see, was unequal to the task of being the biographer of the great Apostle.

In dating Acts, Harnack lays stress upon its ending, and thinks the impression this gives is that the words were written directly after the "two whole years" mentioned. He

then adduces negative and positive evidence that the date was not later than 64 A.D. The third Gospel comes before this, Mark is brought into the sixth decade, and Matthew placed after the destruction of Jerusalem. In the last chapter, on the primitive Legends of Christendom, Harnack gives much that is suggestive, especially in foot notes, which in many cases had been better dispensed with, and the matter worked into the text. Possibly too little weight is allowed to the argument from mythology, but in the days of Drews, Jensen and Anderson, this is not altogether to be deplored. The review of a former discussion of the Apostolic Decree would have gained by some allusion to a recent article by Lake on the same subject.

As a whole, this volume of studies leaves a somewhat mixed impression upon the mind. The argument for the Lucan authorship of the third gospel and of Acts seems irrefragable; the exposition of Paulinism is ingenious though scarcely so convincing, and the dating of the Acts and Gospels, though it gives the title to the Book, appears to be much more hypothetical. Happily the first thesis does not depend for its establishment upon the third or even upon the second. With these reservations, it may be frankly admitted that a case has been made out for the primitive nature of the Lucan writings, and for the substantial accuracy of Acts, which is a conspicuous set off against the tendency here and there to impugn the evangelical testimony to the person and teaching of Jesus, and the earliest records of Christian history.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

The last two volumes of this history, one-fifth of the whole work, were taken up with the English drama, its dim dawn, its noon tide glory and its swift decline. Before the Commonwealth was yet established it had come to a violent and not unmerited ending. In 1642 stage plays were suppressed and all theatres closed. To prevent illicit performances, Acts were passed ordering all players to be apprehended and publicly whipped, all play-houses to be pulled down, and anyone found attending a play to be fined five shillings. When the ban of play-acting was removed at the Restoration, the drama at once asserted itself, but it was not a revival of that which had been suppressed; it was not English except in language; it came from abroad with the Court, and expressed the tastes and sentiments of the Court and not of the people.

This is made evident enough by a mere glance through the table of contents of this new volume. "Cavalier and Puritan" is its sub-title, and the first notes of the prelude state the theme, telling of "the great outburst of song in the early years of Charles I." which was "drowned by the rude noise of the drum." The matter in dispute embraced all human affairs and obligations. Rights of kings and parliaments, of church and individual, of Bible

* The Date of the Acts and the Synoptic Gospels. By Adolf Harnack. London: Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.

* The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. VII., Cavalier and Puritan. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1911.

and conscience, of husband and wife, liberty of the subject and supremacy of the State—for the first time all were questioned, and the champions of the old order, and those who would establish a new and repress further revolt, were alike with the extremists intense on the problems of the day, and had neither thought nor leisure to give to polite letters. So it comes to pass that till we reach the closing chapters, which tell of the beginnings of a new era, less intense and more reasonable, every chapter of this volume, and perhaps every author referred to, might at once be assigned to the party of Church and King or that of the Commons and Puritanism.

Supreme in this period, as Shakespeare in that which preceded it, stands Milton, and in the case of neither would the right be now for a moment contested, but to neither would it have been allotted, or perhaps even suggested itself, while they lived. That Milton, who had taken upon himself the defence of regicide before England and the Continent, should have escaped unpunished and untried when the day of reckoning came, can be accounted for only on the ground of his seeming insignificance, and Cromwell whom he served so loyally seems to have taken no more notice of him than did Charles, whose father he had so savagely defamed. Yet the blind old man, "in a grey coarse cloth coat, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones," who might be seen on a fine day sitting at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, was in truth the glory of his age, one of the great glories of his age for all time. Of Milton's Puritanism the evidence is no less decisive in his verse than it is in his controversial treatises, and of the writer of his age who, judged by the test of an immense and enduring popularity, was even his superior, John Bunyan, it may be said that it was in the Puritan faith that he drew the inspiration of all his works.

The chapter on Milton was assigned to Professor Saintsbury, than whom no more competent and sympathetic critic could be found at the present day. To the same able hands we owe the delightful account of Sir Thomas Browne. What could be better than this on "Urn Burial" :—

"The author, on the very first page, has struck, and has maintained with wonderful fugue-variations to the close, a note at once directly appealing to ordinary humanity, and susceptible of being played upon with the strangest and remotest harmonies. This is not merely derived from the contrast of death and life—it is the result of a sort of double or triple consideration of the shortness of individual life, the length of time as contrasted with this and the shortness, again, of time, as a whole, contrasted with eternity. Now, one of these sides of the thought is uppermost; now another; now two, or all three, are kept in evidence together, with the most rapid shifting, while the changes illumine or are illumined by the phantasmagoria of Browne's imaginative learning."

But the writers of the first, second and third order—we mean those very few whose works are more or less known to all readers, those with whom all lovers of the best in literature are familiar, and those whom only students read and endeavour to

apprize at their real worth—all these begin, in this stirring age, to form a crowd, and the bare enumeration of their books occupies 120 pages of this volume. How can we find room here to tell what is said of the Sacred Poets, Herbert and Vaughan, and the rediscovered Traherne; of the Caroline Divines on either side, Baxter and Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor and Andrew Marvell; of the Historians, among whom Clarendon excels, and of Hobbes and his Leviathan? All these and the lesser luminaries, if indeed Fuller and Izaak Walton we may dare to call lesser, are as fully and competently treated of in this volume as space would permit.

The concluding chapters treat of Scholars and Scholarship, and English Grammar Schools and the Beginnings of English Journalism. Last comes, as a story of the time between darkness and dawn, what to some readers will be the most interesting subject of all, "The Advent of Modern Thought in Popular Literature." The remark with which the account of the Witch controversy opens is of general application: "The enlightenment of the Renaissance had never penetrated the deeper recesses of the popular mind." It is true of every renaissance that while "it adds to the interests and imagination of the ordinary man it fails to transform his sentiments, convictions and ideals." The rationalists of every age are themselves only partially emancipated from prevailing errors, or afraid to speak quite openly about them; the pedants can bring to the support of them all the arguments of authority. So it came to pass under the Stuarts and the Commonwealth that the belief in witchcraft and the cruel persecution of those suspected of it flourished rankly. King James himself gave his royal authority at once to a mild criticism and a full acceptance of diabolic agency when, in the first year of his reign, he caused his "Demonology" to be published in England, and his example was followed by Cavalier and Puritan writers alike.

But before the end of the century this debasing and cruel superstition had lost its hold on the minds of men if not on their fears and passions. John Webster's book, "The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft" (1677) was, according to Professor Routh, of Toronto, who writes this chapter, "the first to point out that the current theory of witchcraft was utterly unworthy of the modern conception of human nature," and "could not live in the atmosphere of confidence in nature and reverence for an immaterial God." With this expression of faith in the evolution of modern thought working even in some of its darkest and stormiest seasons, this excellent volume, which will add to the high reputation of the History, comes to a worthy close.



PRINCIPAL SELBIE'S SERMONS.*

ALTHOUGH Chesterton with his hilarious insistence on dogma would find much to disagree with in this volume of sermons he might yet say of Principal Selbie what he denies of Bernard Shaw, that he

* The Servant of God. By W. B. Selbie, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

was a man whose heart was in the right place. Two pleas in the book support this supposition, to neither of which would Chesterton agree. One is the olive branch held forth in the preface to *Liberal Christians*. Principal Selbie would, no doubt, describe himself as a Liberal Evangelical, and he "believes that if Liberal and Evangelical Christians could join hands . . . a new day of power would dawn for the Christian Church." There is something sad as well as encouraging in this welcome approach. It is a pathetic testimony to the exclusive spirit which creeds beget that we have had to wait until orthodoxy was crumbling under criticism and orthodox Nonconformity humbled by her failure to hold the allegiance of her children, before we were acknowledged as comrades with power to serve the Church. But this is not the time for vain regret when the Churches are impotent from wholesale abstentions and the belief in this world, not, alas, as Mr. Selbie thinks, the cause of Christ is "winning triumphs on every hand." The call is for a united front to the enemy and readiness for service the test of Christian discipleship.

The other and perhaps greater testimony to the excellency of Principal Selbie's heart lies in his emphasis on undogmatic Christianity. There are many references in the book to the Person of Jesus Christ as distinct from Christologies. We select one quotation as quite typical:—"It is a notable and healthy sign of our times that men are everywhere turning away from doctrines, creeds, and confessions to Jesus Christ himself" (p. 105). This naturally leads in another place to emphasis being laid on what that Person Himself taught, and our author must perforce detail not a theological system, but "such points as these: the Fatherhood of God over the human family, His perpetual and beneficent providence for all His children, the excellence of simple trust in God over the earthly care of this world, the obligations of God's children to be like their Father in Heaven, the paramount importance of true and holy motives, the worthlessness of a merely formal righteousness, the inestimable value of heart righteousness, forgiveness of sins dependent on our forgiving our neighbour, the fulfilling of the law of love, the play of the tender and passive virtues" (p. 289).

Not that Principal Selbie maintains the purity of his vision. Again and again he contradicts or fails to reconcile what he has said with other statements. For whole sermons he sinks into the sterility of the old dogmatic and limits the great words of Christianity, like Salvation, Sin, Redemption, the Cross, to the old Evangelical meaning. This, however, we forget or overlook in the good news which the volume brings that the head of the chief College of Congregationalism is prepared to recognise the religious value of the distinction which the best minds in Unitarianism have ever drawn, between religion and theology, the differentiation on which Tyrell based his structure of a Spiritual Catholicism. Principal Selbie says truly in one sermon that Christ for us to-day "is not simply a name, a memory, a religious formula. He stands for the most attractive personal influence

and the source of the purest inspiration that the world has ever known" (p. 106).

Here Liberal Christians and Evangelicals and all Modernists may join hands, and if their churches would unite on this religious basis and leave the question of intellectual formulation to the growing consensus of human reason, verily a new day of power would dawn for the Christian Church.

We must not omit reference to the tribute Principal Selbie pays to the symbolism of the Crucifix. It occurs in the sermon on "Glorying in the Cross." He is quoting but evidently with approval:—"When one enters the dimness of a foreign cathedral, he sees nothing clearly for a while save that there is a light from the Eastern window, and it is shining above a figure raised high above the choir. As one's eyes grow accustomed to the gloom he identifies the crucifix repeated in every side-chapel, and marks that to this Sufferer all kneel in their trouble and are comforted" (p. 197). When will Protestants, we are tempted to ask, and in particular Non-Conformists, rise superior to their craven fear of decadent Romanism and restore the crucifix—that universal symbol of the self-sacrificing spirit of Christianity—to its place in our Christian Temples and private use?

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

HIDDEN away in some remote corner of England there are to be found, we are told, three model children whose greatest punishment is *not* to be allowed to teach in the Sunday school. Imagine a world full of children whose chief delight it is to sit in the house and do sums in hay-making time, whose greatest joy is to do without sponge cake and custard pudding on their birthdays! The mere thought is a nightmare. But, happily, the order of prigs is not numerous, or there would be no need to welcome the appearance of such a book as "The Young Idea,"* which is a really helpful little volume to put into the hands of young mothers.

A modern man of letters once described a well-known organisation as "a wild society in London where all the unmarried women tell all the married ones what to do with their children." Similarly we have heard teachers and nurses say, "The children would be all right if it weren't for their mothers." And we fear that many must plead guilty to this rather hard indictment. And why is it? We are sure that it is not sheer self-indulgence and weakness of will that makes it difficult for many women, often quite gifted, effectively to manage their own children. Teachers of other people's children, who are excellent disciplinarians, are often dreary failures when they come to deal with their own. The fact of motherhood, greatly though it enriches a woman's nature, does not alter her whole character. She knows as well as ever she did what she ought to do, but theories are apt to go to the winds when a crucial moment arrives. Learned professors could

doubtless analyse this and write whole treatises on it in terms of psychology and philosophy, but the plain everyday prose of the situation is that mothers' hearts are too apt to run away with their heads. That sacred mystic tie that unites a mother to her child is essentially an affair of the heart. The innermost truth of the matter seems to be that punishment of children by the mother herself is a more hurting and costing process for both parties than it is where the subtle nervous bond of parenthood does not exist. A parent can discipline other people's children, not because she is callous to their pain, but because the peculiar shock, almost amounting to that of sacrilege, is only felt even *by the children* when it is their own mother who actually administers the punishment. The difficulty often causes the mother great unhappiness, and the only comfort she gets is to remember that more misery is wrought by over-severity than over-generosity of treatment, and that giving way in small things is comparatively of little importance provided that her children are sound in the fundamental things—that they are truthful, frank, and generous, not given to meanness and deception. So much that is mere superficial naughtiness, due to animal spirits and a too lively imagination, is regarded as vicious in children that they too often suffer unjustly, even in these days of so-called pampered childhood.

Mrs. Browne has wise words to say on the want of imagination in parents, and on many other points. We thoroughly agree with her on the question of leaving children sometimes to do exactly as they like and *be their own little selves* without constant interference and supervision. To assume that normal healthy children are not to be trusted alone is gross infidelity. Children are all mystics; they build their own airy ladders up to heaven, and they have many things to say to each other that we in our dulness wot not of. While at play they frequently talk of God and all the mysteries in a way they would not do if they knew they had an audience.

The question of Bible teaching is fully discussed. Stress is laid on the fact that it always pays to tell children the truth as far as we know it, and not to dodge their inquiries. Their minds cannot remain blank. If we refuse to teach them our own views of religion, thinking it wiser to leave it for them to choose later, some one else will of a certainty do it for us. We can but pass on to them the best that we know, and leave them free, when old enough, to adopt other views if they think well. Not to teach them the beautiful old stories of the Bible, which are so full of dramatic appeal to children, is to impoverish them in every way. Its narratives are woven into the very life of our country, and apart altogether from their religious value, from the literary and every-day point of view, the mental equipment of the child suffers if not taught these things in youth. But all this may be conscientiously done, and yet the children know nothing about religion. "That must be imparted, passed on, either through personal influence or by the magnetism of spiritual contact. No child can be taught religion except by a person who loves religion and who also

loves the child. The quickening touch which awakens religion in the spirit can never be obtained out of a book, even though that book be the Bible." Hence, we may add, the necessity for associating the children in their early days with the spiritual fellowship of the Church, for that is the only atmosphere in which the Bible gives forth its full fragrance.

To supplement this admirable book, a small leaflet, entitled "Life,"* should prove of great service to parents of children verging on adolescence. It deals in a scientific and reverent way with a subject that is fraught with dangers. The writer is heartily to be congratulated on her very successful handling of a delicate piece of work.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SANTA CATERINA.

SOME day, perhaps, you will go to Siena, a pleasant city set on three low hills in the heart of Tuscany. If you do go, you will, no doubt, mount up to the Church of the Servi di Maria, to watch from there the strange beauty that Siena takes on in that wonderful hour before sunset. That is one of the astonishments of Italy. But I will not tell you about that. You must see it for yourself. If you do go to Siena, then, in those happy days you dream of in the future, try to be there on April 30. That is a great day—a fête day—with the people of Siena. You will see a pretty sight. Follow the crowd of cheerful, chattering people, and you will come to a street that is called the Via dei Tintori, the street of the dyers, and so to an old house standing there; old, but kept very carefully and lovingly, and to-day very gay indeed. It is here that all the people are going. They are carrying great armfuls of lilies and garlands of greenery, and strewing green leaves on the staircase and the doorsteps. And all the street, you notice, is decorated as if for a royal procession. There are bright cloths hanging from the windows, and scarlet banners and paper roses and thick oak wreaths. It is all merry and happy about the old house in the old street. When you get in at last among the crowd you are struck by the scent of lilies and violets, mingled with the smell of incense. The rooms are full of people laughing and talking in the light-hearted Italian way. Every now and then someone stops in the very middle of a laugh, and kneels down, in front of something you cannot quite see yet, to tell his beads.

"Who lives here?" perhaps you ask at last, for you wonder who it is everybody has come to see. "Who lives here? But, of course, our Santa Caterina!" is the answer. And then you notice that the rooms in this house are like little chapels, and there are pictures painted on the walls. But Santa Caterina herself you will not see, for she died over 500 years ago, before Shakespeare or the Reformation or the Wars of the Roses, or Henry VIII.'s wives, or many other interesting people and things you learn about in English history. But

* By Mrs. Phyllis Browne. Elliot Stock.
1s. 6d.

* Life. By L. B. Wallasey News Office, Seacombe. Id.

Saint Catharine of Siena did not know very much about England.

Yet you can hardly believe that she went away so long ago from her old home here, where she used to live with her father, who was a dyer, and her mother, and her brothers and sisters. Her memory is so much alive in the hearts of the people. There is the bedstead which they say she used to sleep upon; there is the old lantern which she carried to light her through the narrow and dangerous streets on dark nights, when she went to visit people who were sick or unhappy. Now you can get near enough to look at the pictures on the walls. They tell you the story of her life. She was quite a little girl when she began to long very much to serve God in the very best way she knew. You may not think she need have cut off her beautiful long hair, as she is doing in that picture. I think God would have been just as pleased if she had let it alone, but you see she was afraid of being too vain about it, and she wanted to sacrifice *everything* so that she might serve God with her whole heart. The most beautiful thing about her was that she was so loving. That is one reason why all these people are remembering her so lovingly. Her parents were angry with her about her hair. "Who will marry a girl," they cried, "with her hair cropped like that?" To punish her they made a little slave of her in the house, and nearly starved her, and treated her in a way that would surprise you; for parents were stern in those days. But look at this next picture. There she is kneeling and praying, and her father is entering without her knowing it. He sees with astonishment that a white dove keeps hovering over the head of the praying girl. He takes this as a sign that she must be allowed to live a "religious life," as they called it, and henceforth he is kind to his little daughter. Here are other pictures which tell the story of some strange experiences, or visions, or perhaps dreams, that Catharine had when she became a woman. I do not know if these things really happened quite in the way people think, but still there is a beautiful meaning behind them. For instance, look at this picture at the end of the room, by the door. Here is a thin beggar praying for assistance, and Catharine gives him one of her own garments. As she does so she perceives that the beggar is Jesus. And do you remember what we are told Jesus said about that? He said: "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." So it is true in a sweet way after all. Here is a picture of Catharine praying, and in the midst of a mist and halo of light Jesus appears to her again. In one hand he has a jewelled crown, in the other a crown of thorns. He holds them towards her. Which will she choose? To rejoice in life—or to suffer for him and his? Catharine clasps the crown of thorns.

One Christmas night she went to church to rejoice over the birth of Jesus. She was kneeling as was her custom before a picture of sweet Mother Mary, with her baby Jesus in her arms. As she gazed and thought about the beautiful life which has meant so much in the world, it seemed to her that the fair mother leant right out of the picture and laid the baby in her arms. The people of Siena especially the mothers, love that

story about their dear Santa Caterina. Do you see how they crowd round the pretty picture of it?

Perhaps you think that this day, this April 30, is Catharine's birthday. But it is not her birthday; it is what we call her death-day. It is the anniversary of the day when she went into that other more wonderful, more beautiful life she had so often dreamed about. The people do not think of it as a sad day at all. What is that they are singing in these rooms which are now little chapels? Listen! "Holy Caterina, on this the day of thy death, which is thy heavenly wedding-day, pray for us!" They call it her wedding-day, you see, though she had no earthly bridegroom. And, as if it were a wedding feast, there are great piles of good bread lying ready in this old home of hers; and the poor people of Siena, who get little good white bread, may come and fill their baskets—just as if she were there to give it to them herself. It all seems, does it not, as if she were still near? The old home, and her story painted on the walls, and the things belonging to her, and the love of the people, seem to make her alive. I wonder what she was really like under her many occupations of mind and body, and her saintly life and happy death! For you must know that she became very clever as well as good. She had a wonderful gift of eloquence, and she even succeeded in persuading the Pope to do something he did not want to do at all. That was very clever of her, I think. There is the picture of her bringing her skill to bear on Pope Gregory XI.

The story I like best of all about her is one which I do not think they have put into a picture. Yet it is most sweet and human.

There was one, a young lord of Perugia, whom Siena in those old cruel days sentenced to death because he had spoken a few heedless, though true, words concerning the bad government of the city. The young blood flows redly in his veins. Life, and the blue sky, and the fair earth are sweet to him. O, to be a beggar, and sick and cold and hungry, if only he may live! Then the priests come to him and preach peace, and his soul revolts. How dare they say it is right that he shall die? He wants life—life—life, and here, in this bright world. The priests madden him with their talk, and he seizes one and would kill him in his bitter rage. They leave him alone, and he flings himself, all bound and gagged, upon the floor of his cell.

Presently he sees a little figure, dressed in white, is crouching beside him. Gently she loosens his bonds, and tends him, and soothes him. Then in a low, thrilled voice she tells him a wonderful story of the love of God. "Men are cruel, so cruel," she whispers; "but God's love is greater than any love you have known or dreamed."

"Oh, Sister Caterina," he cries, "come to me to-morrow, when I have to die, that I may not be afraid again. Hold my head between your hands as you do now, and I shall have no fear."

The morning comes, and the great square fills with people come to see the Perugian noble die. But Catharine is there by the scaffold before them all.

The soldiers march up with their prisoner. It seems as if he and she are alone. They do not send her away, this little nun

like figure in white, for they are learning to know her heart. He kneels down on the scaffold, and she kneels beside him, and holds his hand to her breast.

"Stay with me and do not abandon me," he whispers, "so shall I fare not otherwise than well, and shall die content."

She rises and bends over him, and he bows his head in her hands. The people become hushed and wondering. It is as if the grim scene lay under a strange peace.

Then she cries aloud: "Niccolo Toldo, I see heaven opening, and the angels are descending to take your soul to God!"

The sword falls as he murmurs "Jesus!" It seems to her, still kneeling there, that joyous angels stoop over them, lower and lower, and clasp his soul and bear it away on flashing white wings. And it seems to her, too, that his eyes turn back, lingering on hers with love and thanks; and so he vanishes from her sight.

Sweet, sad, glad old story of the long ago—a story of human love going to the very dreadful gate of death and robbing it of all its fear. We think of it as we wander through her house on this her fête day. The murmur comes from the chapels, and the poor people enter for their bread and pass away again; and the scent of lilies and violets fills the air, and the people come and go. We think of Santa Caterina—not as one who performed magic or miracles, but as a woman with a great and loving heart. That is really why the people of Siena have remembered her for over 500 years.

F. R.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Lancaster: Presentation.—A social party was held on the evening of the 11th inst., the occasion being the 25th anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. J. Channing Pollard. The members of the congregation took advantage of so favourable an opportunity of giving some token of the esteem and affection in which both Mr. and Mrs. Pollard are held. This took the form of a presentation in the shape of a very handsome silver tea service. Mr. Pollard has been minister of the Lancaster Chapel twenty three-years.

Stratford: Boy Scouts.—Nine delightful days in camp! That is what a dozen boys of the 4th West Ham Boy Scouts have to look back upon. Nine days of healthy, joyous, active, industrious life together amid the beauties of a well-kept Essex farm. On July 29 they started from headquarters, West Ham-lane, Stratford, with a hired truck laden with kit-bags, camp equipment, &c. Hot though the day was, they pluckily pulled it along the dusty roads to the accompaniment of whistled airs and merry song all the eight miles to Buckhurst Hill, and the camping ground, the use of which had been kindly granted by Mr. W. French. The tents meanwhile had arrived at Buckhurst Hill station. two miles away. The boys speedily dropped their load and were off immediately for the tents. For a couple of hours North Farm was a busy scene. All hands were at work tent-pegging, ordering the kitchen, providing cover for provisions, &c. By 6.30 p.m. tea had been served and preparations were com-

pleted for the night, before a terrific thunder storm burst—the only one during our stay—which fairly tested the weather-proofedness of our canvas abode. The boys were in charge of Adjutant Edmund D. Noel, whose unfailing good temper, willing service, and sympathetic comradeship made for the good feeling and general happiness which prevailed in the camp, while the Scoutmaster (the Rev. John Ellis), who was in attendance the greater part of the time, issued orders for the day, directed the games, and attended to the commissariat. The work of the camp was distributed among the boys. In couples and in turns they were appointed to duties as guards, orderlies, and cooks. With the simplest appliances, varied, wholesome, and tasty meals were produced. The adjoining forest afforded ample scope for Scout games every morning, in which powers of observation, patience and endurance were called into play. The pell-mell waters of the Roding near by gave irresistible invitation to the swimmers every day. In the cool of the evening keenly contested cricket matches were the order. There were numerous visitors, especially at the week-ends, and all were impressed by the healthy, natural life which they boys were spending together, and the way in which they acquitted themselves in the performance of their respective duties. The boys were reluctant to leave when the time came to strike tents, but, as it was inevitable, they set to work with Scouts' goodwill to re-load their truck, and, with a hearty cheer for the kindly farmer who had contributed so much to their joy, and for all other helpers, they wended homewards, taking with them memories of pure pleasures and healthful activities which will remain with them for many years to come.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

In the hot and crowded streets of our great city, where the nerves are constantly jarred by diverse and afflicting noises, it is pleasant to dream that peace abides among the snowy mountain-peaks and glaciers of Switzerland. Yet many of us will agree with Dr. Horton, who has recently written an article on the subject in the *Sunday at Home*, that the holiday spirit is spoiling that beautiful country and turning it into "a kind of Cremorne Gardens, a bowdlerised Olympia." "Trains," he says, "run everywhere, not only along the valleys but up the mountains. Boring through the mountains, they worm their way up to the summits. The foul smoke of the engines defiles the cowl of the Mönch and the stainless robes of the Jungfrau." Complaint is also made of the motor cars that rush along the lonely passes. "Everything is made artificial, unnatural. Every shy haunt of the spirit of silence and simplicity is invaded and rifled . . . Our holidays have made the great holiday-ground of Europe a weariness and a torment."

A COLLECTOR OF FOLK SONGS.

Mr. Sharp, who has been directing the School of Folk Song and Dance during the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, has had to exercise much patience (says the *Manchester Guardian*) in "taking down

the songs from the people themselves. One woman could only sing while she was washing, which meant repeated visits to her cottage on washing day. Another was accustomed to sing as she worked the sewing machine. Time after time she tried without it and always broke down; it was only to the accompaniment of the machine that the song flowed easily and naturally. One day when Mr. Sharp was calling at a cottage the good lady said to him, "You'll be makin' a lot o' money by this, I reckon." "Nay," said a neighbour who was standing by, "it's only his hobby; we all have our failings."

A PLACE OF REST FOR WOMEN STRIKERS.

In Bermondsey, where Miss Mary MacArthur and her helpers are doing such splendid work on behalf of the factory girls who are out on strike, the Unitarian Church in Fort-road is being kept open daily for the use of the women while the conflict lasts. Hundreds of loaves have been distributed in the church, which is cool and shady, and affords a real haven of refuge to which the strikers can retire at any time for a little rest and quietness.

THE LIVERPOOL VOLUNTARY AID COUNCIL.

It is interesting to learn that Liverpool has the distinction of being the first town in the country to establish a Voluntary Aid Council on the lines indicated in the Poor Law Report of 1909. This Council consists, says the *Charity Organisation Review*, of members representing 100 voluntary charities, three boards of guardians, city council committees, the distress committee, city council officials and co-opted members. These members have been distributed into Group Committees, according to the type of charity represented; and each of these committees presents a report of the work undertaken and planned throughout the year. Perhaps the most striking success has been that of the Registrations Committee, which has established a central registration scheme, towards the expenses of which the three boards of guardians will contribute £600 per annum.

CO-PARTNERSHIP AT THE GARDEN CITY.

A unique experiment in co-partnership industry has been worked out at Letchworth in connection with a printing firm known as the Garden City Press, Ltd., which took an acre of land on rental from the Garden City Company, Ltd. By the constitution the members employed take a first risk in the business, and by means of

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a charge upon their own earnings guarantee 5 per cent. on all outside capital invested. For this risk they get a 10 per cent. addition to their earnings after the interest on capital has been paid, and divide any remainder of profit amongst themselves. Seventy people are now employed in the business, and during the seven years that have elapsed since the start, the working members (who number nearly 30), have accumulated—either by the capitalisation of the profit, or by investment of their own money—capital to the extent of £780. Only adults may become working members, and a qualifying period has some effect in delaying an increase in number.

* * *

The trade for last year amounted to £8,810, and negotiations have just been concluded for the purchase of the building which they previously held on rental, and for a large extension of the same. The experiment has proved to the satisfaction of those responsible for it that where the interests of capital and labour can be made mutual, the benefits accruing to both employer and employee are very marked, and labour disputes are practically unknown. Many employers of labour are carefully watching the working out of this scheme at the Garden City Press, as there is no doubt that one of the industrial features of the next few years will be a large extension of the co-partnership principle of industry.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Childrens' holidays—and grown-up peoples' holidays, too, we might add—are very often, as Canon Barnett has recently reminded us in an article in the *Daily News*, "empty days" neither profitable nor enjoyable. The prospect of having a long rest, with nothing to do, sounds delightful, but very often the realisation of this dream leaves the mind restless and dissatisfied, and dependent on chance excitements for lack of definite interests or occupation. Where the children are concerned this is apt to have mischievous results, for "pleasures, like everything else, require to be planned, and children need to be educated in the use of leisure as much as to earn a living."

* * *

"Holidays," said an American woman, "are never a difficulty. My father always took us as children plant hunting and I have never finished." Canon Barnett points out that parents of the leisure classes are able to do what working-class parents can seldom do—that is, talk over holiday plans day by day, and lay themselves out to entertain their children and their young friends, planning expeditions, arranging games, and constructing "the skeleton on which day follows day in fulness of joy. The more rare the orders 'don't do this, and don't do that,' the happier the holidays, and the orders become rare when interest follows interest in well-considered succession. The best holidays, like everything else, are made by someone taking a great deal of pains."

HOW WORKERS CAN INCREASE EARNINGS.

The Value of a Great System of Home-Training for Better Positions. Striking Testimony from Eminent Men.

Every ambitious worker who aims at increasing his earning powers is directly concerned in the speeches recently made by Lord Desborough, Sir Joseph Ward, and Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., at the Festival of Empire.

Lord Desborough,

President of the London Chamber of Commerce, speaking of the International Correspondence Schools, said :

"I congratulate you one and all on the spirit of self-reliance and longing for educational improvement which has induced you to join, for the good of yourselves and the welfare of your country, this great and magnificent organisation."

Lord Desborough speaks from wide acquaintance of the education necessary for success in business. The Chamber over which he presides will next year examine in languages and in commercial education no fewer than 12,000 students. Therefore, his recognition of the I.C.S. as a "great and magnificent organisation" is most significant, and should be noted by all who aim at a successful business career.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward,

A.C., K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, showed the value of the I.C.S. in a brilliant light. He said :

"The Postmaster-General of the great Commonwealth of Australia has given instructions by circular to the thousands of officers in that important Department urging them to join this institution of which you are members (Cheers), and upon my return to New Zealand I will give similar directions regarding important Departments in that country (Renewed cheers)."

Sir Joseph Ward is the Premier of what is, perhaps, the most democratic country in the British Empire—a land wherein every man has a chance to climb to the highest rung of the ladder. The value placed upon the I.C.S. by its Premier is a signpost to success for every go-ahead worker in this country.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P.,

the Chief Whip of the Labour Party in the House of Commons then spoke.

Not many labour leaders have greater knowledge of both workers and technical education than has this "man of the people." Hence Mr. Roberts' speech should be taken to heart by all who want to be more than mere routine workers. Read this extract :

"You engaged in the mill, factory, mine, and office, bring to bear upon your educational pursuits a graduation in the University of Experience, and I believe that the ultimate result must be that the I.C.S. students will prove themselves amongst the most practical and accomplished workers that can be found in any walk of society."

Mr. Roberts has intimate knowledge of you "in the mill, factory, mine, and office." He has also investigated the International correspondence Schools, and knows thoroughly their methods, how and what they teach—how I.C.S. students are amongst the most successful workers in every branch of industry, and how employers give preference to I.C.S. trained men. That is what gives value to his utterance at the Crystal Palace.

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LADY, living alone in pretty cottage surrounded with picturesque scenery, wishes to receive an elderly lady or invalid requiring rest and quiet. Carriage drives 1s. 6d. per hour. Twenty minutes' walk from station and town.—Yewhurst, Coombe Hill, East Grinstead.

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